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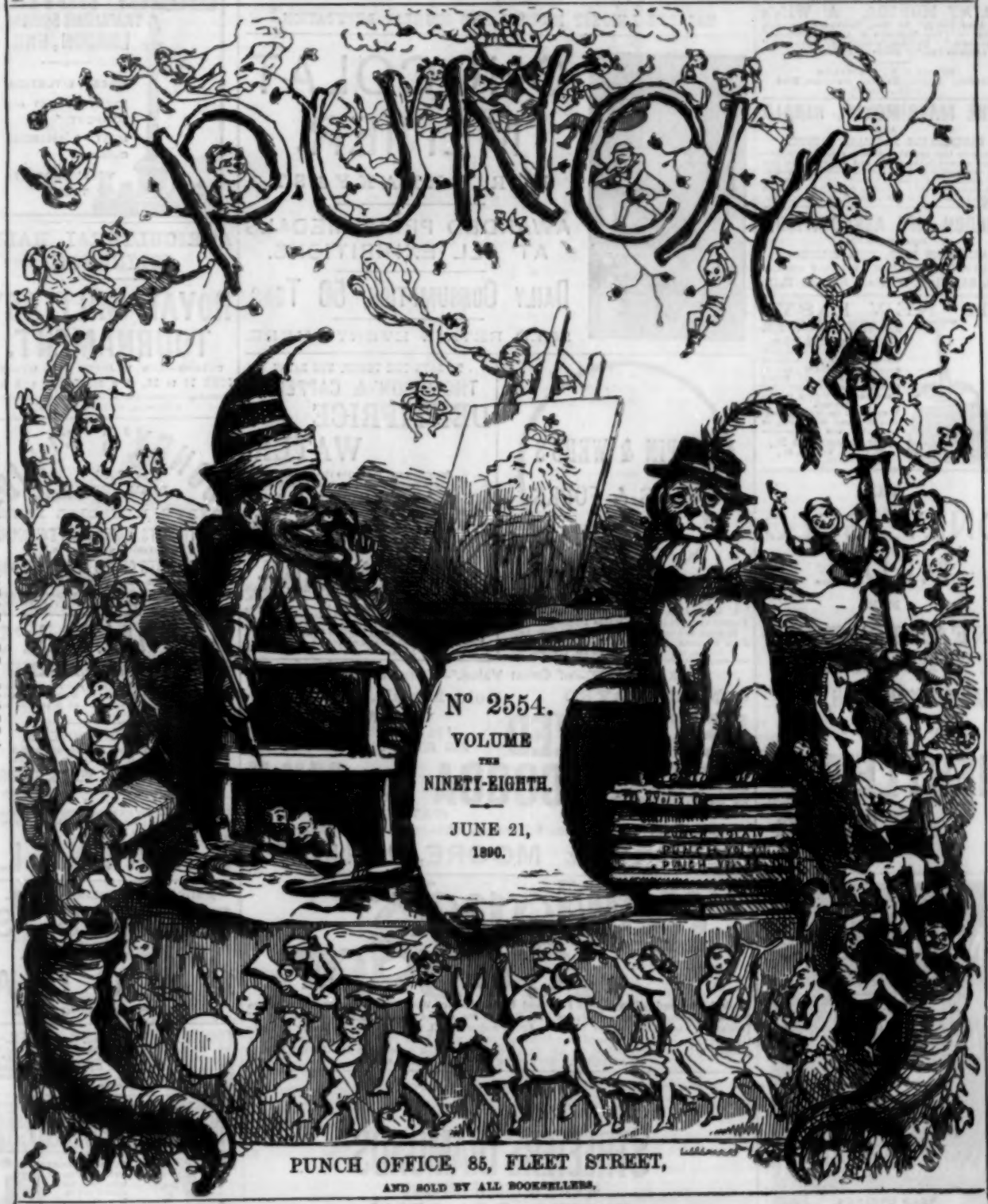

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Send stamp for pamphlet.

BOTANIC MEDICINE Co., 3, NEW OXFORD St., W.C.

"PLACE AUX DAMES!"

[Following the brilliant success of Miss FAWCETT at Cambridge, Mlle. BELCESCO, a Roumanian lady, took her degree to-day as *Docteur en Droit*. Like Miss FAWCETT, she obtained the highest place at the examination for the Licentiate's Degree, and her success was not less brilliant at the examination for the Doctor's Degree.—"*Daily News*" *Paris Correspondent.*]

"SENIORA FAWCETT."

So to be entitled henceforth, as she is Seniorer to the Senior Wrangler.

To Seniora FAWCETT,
The Wranglers yield first place;
And now, first of the Law set,
One of another race,
Beauty, Brunette, Roumanian,
From man takes top Degree!
In learning's race Melanion
Is beaten, one can see,
By the new Atalanta;
At Law School or Sorbonne,
As at our native Granta,
The girls the prize have won.
Bravo, brunette BELCESCO!
Some limner ought to draw
A quasi-classic fresco,
O Lady of the Law!
O Mathematic Maiden!
And show the pretty pair
With Learning's trophies laden
And manhood in a scare.
Ah, *Portia* of Paris!
Urania of the Cam!
Punch, whose especial care is
To sever truth from sham,
Is no great Woman's-Rightist,
But *this* is not clap-trap;
Of pundits the politest,
To you he lifts his cap!
Docteur en Droit, *Punch* watches
Miss FAWCETT by the Cam;
To you she quick despatches
A friendly telegram.
He, friend of all the Nations,
Of Woman as of Man,
Adds *his* "felicitations."
Well done, Roumanian!!!

WEEK BY WEEK.

THE prevalence of wet weather has had a painful effect on the aspect of the metropolitan streets. We do not refer so much to their having been universally inundated with rain, but rather to the absence from them of those pretty dresses in which it is customary for ladies to disport themselves during sunny weather. For instance, it was calculated the other day by a well-known wrangler, that if the tangential surface of a Bond Street pavement be represented by the formula $x(\pi + y^{n\text{th}}) = y + x - \frac{\pi}{x}$, the decrease in the number of pedestrians appearing on a wet day may be set down as $18426\frac{1}{2}$.

A Correspondent calls our attention to the prevalence of green on the various trees of the Metropolis. "This phenomenon," he observes, "is noticeable in May and early June every year. Some trees are greener than others, whilst others scarcely come up to the standard of leafy verdure displayed by their fellows. Taking the trees in the Park and arranging them in the inverse ratio of their distances at rectangular intervals from the common centre of their growth, it will be found that the surface area of a Plane-tree is equal to exactly five hundred times the cubic capacity of a gooseberry bush, measured from a point on its inner circumference."

Miss ROBINSON, Mrs. TOUCHE-ARMING, and Lady CORDELIA CROSSBIT, were photographed yesterday. We hear that excellent likenesses of these brilliant ornaments of the Upper Ten have been secured.

The wonderful tameness and docility of the three African lions now going through their daily performance at the French Exhibition at Earl's Court, have astonished no less than pleased all who have witnessed them, but it is not generally known, that their obedient condition is due to their diet. This has for some time consisted of a well-known infant's and invalid's food, washed down with copious draughts of a widely advertised patent medicine that claims to act as "a special brain and nerve tonic," and it is this last that it is said is responsible for the quenching of the natural ferocity and utter prostration of spirit which enables their talented trainer, together with the watchful attentions of a highly intelligent boarhound, to put them through a series of playful and innocent tricks, hitherto associated rather with the entertaining efforts of the skilled and educated guinea-pig than with the masterly ferocity of the monarch of the desert. [Oh yes! We're not going to allow an advertisement to be sneaked in like this. But as we required a paragraph to fill up space, here it is, with name and address of Infant's Food provider omitted! Aha!—ED.]

A WHITE SLAVE.

[Miss HARKER took service as a day governess in a family at Stockton, at a salary of 25*s.* a month, coupled with the privilege of dining in the house. She found herself under the necessity of taking a lodging, the rent for which more than absorbed her modest stipend. She taught three children English and music. Afterwards a couple of infants were placed in her charge. Nor was this all, for when the servants left, the new governess had "to cook the dinner, wash the dishes, and clean the knives." After this she asked for a holiday, the result being that "she was shown the door." Thereupon she brought an action in the County Court for a month's salary in lieu of notice. Judgment for plaintiff with costs, payable forthwith.—*Daily News*, *June* 12.]

POOR Miss HARKER went to Stockton, to Stockton on the Tees,
But not to make her fortune, or to loll at home at ease;
She went to be a governess, and hoped, it would appear,
To board and lodge and dress herself on £15 a-year.

A lady once informed us how a lady can be dressed
As a lady all for £15, and in her very best;
But she never would have ventured to include in her account
The lodgings and the breakfasts too for this immense amount.

Now life may be a river, as Pactolus was of old,
Which brings you lots of water to a minimum of gold,
But sometimes it were better, when the water sinks so low
That it fails to turn your mill-wheel, if the river ceased to flow.

So all day long with urchins three Miss HARKER toiled in chains,
And she poured the oil of learning well upon their rusty brains,
And she practised them in music, and she polished up their sense
With the adverbs and the adjectives, and verbs in mood and tense.

And they said, "She's doing nicely, we will give her something more
(Not of money, but of labour) ere we show her to the door,
Why, we've got two baby children, it is really only fair
That Miss HARKER should look after them, and wash and dress the pair.

"And, Miss HARKER, it will save us such a lot of trouble too,
If, when our servants leave us, they can leave their work to you:
So you'll please to cook our dinner, let your motto be *Ich Dien*,
(No, no, you needn't thank us) and you'll keep our dishes clean.

"And, of course, you'll do it daily—what was that you dared to say?
You would like to rest a week or so, and want a holiday?
Who ever heard such nonsense? Well, there's one thing we can show,
Not politeness, but the door to you—Miss H. you'd better go."

So she went, but brought her action, and I'm thankful to relate
That when the case was argued she hadn't long to wait.
"Costs and judgment for the plaintiff, the defendants' case is fudge,
Pay her monthly wage, she's earned it and deserves it," said the Judge.

There be Englishmen in England, sleek men, and women too,
Who tie their purse-strings tighter than tradition's grasping Jew.
What care they for fellow-feeling, who for profit try to lure
Fellow creatures to their grindstone for the faces of the poor?

And they set some wretched slave to work her fingers to the bone,
Then sullenly deny her bread, or give at best a stone;
And after she has grubbed and scrubbed, they insolently sneer
At one who dares to ask for rest on £15 a-year.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH, ASK A P'LICEMAN!"

As Sung by the Not-quite-at-Home Secretary in his Unpopular Entertainment.

WHY *DID* MONRO RESIGN?
WAS IT ANY FAULT OF MINE?

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH—
ASK THE P'LICEMAN!

"ASK A P'LICEMAN!"

MR. M-TH-WS *sings:*—

THE Police Force are a noble lot,
They clear our streets and squares;
To Demonstrators give it hot,
And banish civic scares.
But there's one thing I wish to know;
Why do the public grin
When one Commissioner will go,
And t'other won't stop in?

Chorus.

Why *did* MONRO resign?
Ask a P'liceman!
Was it any fault of mine?
Ask a P'liceman!
Every member of the Force
Backs the popular Boss—of course!
If you want to know the truth,
Ask a P'liceman!

I'm very sure I'm always right,
And yet it's vastly queer,
My Secretary's aid they slight,
My Pension-projects jeer.
My Superannuation plan
Won't wash—at Scotland Yard.
They seem against me to a man.
It's really very hard.

Chorus.

If you'd know why WARREN went,
Ask a P'liceman!
Or why MONRO's not content,
Ask a P'liceman!
Isn't it enough to vex
The most genial of Home-Secs.?
If you want an answer—plump,
Ask a P'liceman!

A NASTY ONE.

Miss Smith (*to Brown, who has just been relating an amusing personal experience*). "HOW GOOD! AND DID IT REALLY HAPPEN TO YOU?"

Brown. "YES, *really*—ONLY YESTERDAY!"

Jones (*his hated rival*). "AH! BUT I CAN TELL YOU A STILL OLDER STORY THAN *THAT*, ABOUT A FELLOW WHO——" [*Tells a regular Joe Miller.*

I'm getting quite unpopular;
I can't imagine why.
If in the Force itself there's war,
'Gainst *me* there'll be a cry.
Fancy our Constables on strike
For Eight Hours, and the rest!
The prospect's one I do not like.
P'licemen, *don't* be a pest!

Chorus (*in which* MR. M-TH-WS *does not join.*)

If you want to know the facts,
Ask a P'liceman!
About M-TH-WS and his acts,
Ask a P'liceman!
If you wish the truth to know
About popular MONRO,
And who *next* ought to resign,
Ask a P'liceman!!!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

SOCIAL.

"*You'll come again soon?*" *i.e.*, "Thank goodness, he's going abroad!"

"*Always make time to see you;*" *i.e.*, "Strict orders to servants, 'Not at home.'"

THEATRICAL.

"*Miss Blank will make her first appearance in Juliet at a Matinée;*" *i.e.*, That some theatrical coach sees his way to making a little additional profit out of a wealthy and ambitious pupil.

"*Why don't you look in?—house crammed every night, but always room for you;*" *i.e.*, Last attempt to place a free admission when the theatre is empty, and the vouchers have been refused at the poster-displaying tobacconists.

BACK TO BACKS.

THE Cambridge Week, delightful. Beautiful weather till I left, and after me—the deluge! Fair faces everywhere, and O those beautiful "Backs"! As the poet sang—

"Ye Backs and Brace!"

Why lug in "Brace"? Fronts may be, and have been, false, but never these "Backs." They never looked lovelier than at the commencement of last week,—fine weather, warm, a gentle breeze. Lucky Cantabs, to have such an idyllic idling place, where you can moon, spoon, stroll, study, work or play, and, if in your boat, smoke, for the pernicious weed is forbidden in the well-kept gardens, though it may be indulged in on the water, beneath whose surface another pernicious weed can be seen luxuriating.

Once more I visit the A. D. C., and witness a capital performance of a burlesque, *Der Freischütz*, founded on one of H. J. BYRON's, and written up to date by a precious STONE. Burlesque is not dead! Very far from it. The "Sacred Lamp" is not even flickering, but burning with undiminished brilliancy. For a time learned Thebans essayed to extinguish it with High Comedy and even Shakspearian Drama. But the A. D. C. was meant for recreation, and no Undergraduate saw any amusement in either performing or witnessing High Comedy or an historical Drama by WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE. Relaxation for the pale student was needed, so dancing and singing, and jokes, topical hits, and comic business, drew big houses, and amused both players and audiences. The classical Puritanical rebellion was over, and the Merry Monarch, King Burlesque, was restored to his throne, merrier than ever. A crowded house, and I am informed crowdeder and crowdeder every night.

The burlesque is a good one, as the story of *Der Freischütz* is closely parodied, and it is not a mere variety show. And the actors are as much in earnest as the other actors were in earnest, terrible earnest, just thirty-five years ago, for the date over the proscenium reminds me that the A. D. C. was founded in 1855. There are some old original members down here, and they regard some old original photographs of themselves when they were all boys together in this A. D. C. The photographs are of beardless youths, all very much in earnest. The middle-aged, grey-bearded men are contemplating their former selves with an air of surprise. "Dear me! and those were us!" they exclaim, in Academical English. They see themselves as others saw them then, and they are secretly disappointed, though they soon recover their serenity, and with pride to think their lineaments have been preserved and handed down from generation to generation, they bring up their wives and daughters to look at the pictures, and to listen to their "tales of a grandfather."

Alas! the photographs are fading, and soon, but for the extant history of the A. D. C., dedicated to its Honorary President, H.R.H., the Prince of WALES, its origin would be lost in the obscurity of the dark ages (before they were the grey ages), or be so confused and intermingled with myth as to render any account of its early days untrustworthy.

And what a crowd, driving, walking, riding, to see the boat-races! Quite a little Water Derby Day. So much talk about "bumps," that a stranger would think he had come to hear an open-air lecture on phrenology.

One more lounge in the "Backs," and then to London and work, while happy Undergrads commence their Long Vacation, and make holiday in the sunshine of life. But roam where you will, never will you find any spot to equal these Backs. *O Fortunati Cantabiles! Backs vobiscum!*

As a barrister I love a refresher, and this flying visit has, indeed, been a refresher to one who drinks to Trin. Coll. Cam. and the A. D. C. in a bumper of '75 Margaux, and is able, after that, to sign himself, academically and Lincolnsinnically, the

MARQUIS DE TERMES.

P.S.—Wouldn't this Claretian name of "Marquis De Termes" be a good title for the Markiss of SALISBURY, that "master of flouts and gibes"?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 9.—Last time I saw OLD MORALITY was in the lovely estuary of the Dart. He had just cut away from Parliament, called together his seamen bold, and steamed out Westward in the *Pandora*. When we on the *Hiawatha* woke up on Sunday morning, there was the *Pandora* lying alongside, with OLD MORALITY in pea-jacket, straw hat, telescope under his arm, and sea-boots above his knees, though there was not a ripple on face of water that mirrored the old castle at the point, the church, the trees, and the green hills. Nevertheless, there he was, pacing the mizzen-deck, every now and then bringing his telescope to his weather eye, on the look out for Irish Members or SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE lurking in underwood. We ran up at our foretopmost peak, all taut by a couple of bowlines, the signal, "England expects that W. H. SMITH this day will do his duty." There was a soft gleam in OLD MORALITY'S starboard eye when he recognised the signal, and he brought the telescope to the salute.

"Very kind of you, TOBY; very thoughtful of your Commodore. You know, nothing is nearer to my heart than the desire to do my duty—duty to my QUEEN and Country; at the same time, of course as far as is compatible with the supreme incentive, desiring to meet the convenience of Hon. Gentlemen in all parts of the House."

Haven't seen OLD MORALITY since, till he turned up to-night, Been seedy, everybody sorry to hear; judiciously added a week to his regular holiday. When he entered House this afternoon, good rattling cheer went up, testifying to his popularity.

"Yes," said WILFRID LAWSON, dropping into poetry—

"Ex-First-Lord from over the sea!
Celt, Home-Ruler, whatever we be,
We all like OLD MORALI-TER."

Irish Land Purchase Bill first Order of day, but JOHN DILLON moves Adjournment, to discuss goings on of Police in Tipperary. PRINCE ARTHUR, amidst constant interruptions, makes angry reply. His speech introduces variation on old Constitutional principle.

"The Police," he says in effect, "can do no wrong—at least, in Ireland."

The Chairman of P. and O. after Remark from Mr. O'Brien.

Mr. G. joins in demands for Parliamentary inquiry. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, almost hoarse with rage, fulminates against PRINCE ARTHUR and all his works. But though apparently seethed in passion, does not lose presence of mind.

"I know," he shouted, "every Dissentient Liberal in this House," (here his copy of the Orders, which he had fashioned in rough shape resembling police baton, and flourished in dangerous fashion, came down with enormous thud on crown of hat of TOM SUTHERLAND, who happened to be sitting just beneath him) "—and that's one," O'BRIEN continued.

"Surely," I said to him afterwards, "you didn't mean to call attention to the Chairman of the P. and O. in that fashion?"

"Not a bit of it. I was going to say, 'I know every Dissentient Liberal in this House will support the Government in the Division Lobby;' but when in the middle of the sentence I found I'd come down on SUTHERLAND'S hat, I thought it would make less fuss if I turned the remark in the way I left it."

Ingenious this; but SUTHERLAND says, he understands now why many of the Irish Members are accustomed to wear low-crowned hats during Parliamentary Debate. Comes a little expensive to sit about listening with a silk hat on.

Business done.—Land Purchase Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—GRANDOLPH'S seat empty. Not been here since House resumed after Whitsun holidays. Looked for to-night. Has first place on Orders with Instruction on going into Committee on Compensation Bill. SPEAKER been going about with a besom brushing away Instructions. Only GRANDOLPH'S stands, a monument to his adroitness and ingenuity. Opposition looking forward to pleasant evening. If GRANDOLPH makes rattling speech in support of his Instruction, it will make things disagreeable for the Ministry. Moment comes, but GRANDOLPH lingers. Cousin CURZON gets up, announces that GRANDOLPH has heard that Government intend to oppose the Instruction. That being so, he does not think it expedient, in interests of public business, to persevere with it. So will stay in Paris, look through the Luxembourg, loiter in the Louvre, lunch in the Eiffel Tower, and otherwise innocently wile the hours away.

"No," said Cousin CURZON, when I observed that this was not like the GRANDOLPH of old times; "he is much altered; as meek as he was once aggressive. Shudders at the thought of causing a moment's inconvenience to a Government of which GEORGIE HAMILTON is an ornament; quite surprised to learn that Government would oppose Amendment, the carrying of which would be equivalent to defeat of their measure. When he heard of it at once decided to drop his Instruction."

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.

Wednesday.—House sitting; Members talking; Bills advanced by stages; but thoughts of Members concentrated on secret OLD MORALITY carries in his placid bosom. What proposals are Government going to make for arrangement of public business? Are they going to drop three Bills, or two, or one, or carry all three? If so, how is it to be done? by Autumn Session? by peremptory Closure? or by new device of carrying over measures into succeeding Session? Over a cup of five-o'clock, taken in his private room, I frankly put these questions to OLD MORALITY. No use beating about the bush when you are with old friends.

"TOBY," he says, as I light another cigarette, and settle myself to hear the disclosure, "recent morphological inquiry has a curious bearing on this point. Biologists have lately been busy discussing the meaning of a certain organ, to which, in the present stage of its development, it appears impossible to assign any utilitarian value. The case I allude to is the electric organ in the tail of the skate, on which Professor COSSAR EWART read a paper before the Royal Society. You will find a full report of it in *Phil. Trans.*, Vol. LXXIX. Other aquatic animals which possess such organs use them to advantage as electric batteries against their foes. They feel impelled to do so, by what I may perhaps distantly allude to as a sense of duty to their QUEEN and Country. But the electric organ of the skate, though a most complicated mechanism, a structure as elaborate as any in the animal kingdom, appears to be of no benefit whatever to its possessor. This is a very curious thing. I can hardly sleep of nights thinking about it. Can you suggest any explanation? Excuse me, there's the division-bell. Perhaps you'll draw me up a little memorandum giving me your views on the subject."

Very curious indeed. I hadn't mentioned the skate; don't quite see how he slided into the subject. Shall take another opportunity of ascertaining OLD MORALITY'S views and intentions with respect to Government plan for arranging business.

Business done.—As to electric organ in the tail of the skate.

Thursday.—A pretty kettle-of-fish. Electric organ of skate seems to have touched up Government; confusion at Carlton to-day. The MARKISS met his merry men; proposed that Bills not completed by Prorogation should be carried over to next Session and taken up at stage reached this year. Loud outcry in Conservative ranks; proposal denounced as revolutionary; wouldn't have it on any terms; meeting broke up without passing any resolution; OLD MORALITY due at House at half-past three to give notice of Resolutions on Procedure.

"Where are they?" Mr. G. asks, beaming across the table.

"Resolutions?" says OLD MORALITY; "bless you, Sir, I have none to move."

Grim silence on Ministerial Benches. Jubilation in Opposition camp. OLD MORALITY plied with questions from all sides; forlornly shakes his head. Can't say anything now. Can't say when he will be able to say something. Perhaps on Monday; perhaps some other day. Baited for half an hour, and then mercifully allowed to escape.

"The tail seems, after all, to have been wagging the skate," I said, humorously; really sorry to find him so low-spirited. Didn't seem to see the point of joke, and usually so apt at badinage. A curious state of affairs; perhaps a memorable day.

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.

Friday.—"Lo! a strange thing has happened." (W. BLACK.) Yesterday Conservatives in open revolt; Ministry seemed tottering; Opposition jubilant. To-day things righted themselves; the rebels say it was only their fun; Dissentient Liberals throw arms round neck of MARKISS; protest they would never desert him; Opposition depressed; Ministers elate.

"The head seems to have got the better of the complicated mechanism in the rear of the skate," I say to OLD MORALITY, a little timidly, remembering failure of yesterday's flash of humour. Quick comes the beaming smile. "You're a funny dog, TOBY," says OLD MORALITY, looking ten years younger than yesterday.

Business done.—In Committee on Compensation Bill.

AT HIS MAYERJESTY'S.

Paris Fin de Siècle, Mr. MAYER'S second transplantation from the Gymnase to Her Majesty's Theatre, is amusing from first to last—that is to say, from 8·15 to close on midnight. The Comedy rattles along, and carries the audience who understand French—who in their turn carry the audience who pretend to do so, but who don't—with it. The acting is excellent; and the dialogue is as bright as the looks and toilettes of the dozen or more ladies who have parts. It is not quite clear what "*fin de siècle*" means. If it is Paris of to-day that is pictured, it certainly cannot be the Paris of five years hence, and the century has yet ten years to run. But whatever is the purpose of the play, it satisfied the audience which, on the first night, included H.R.H. and the PRINCESS OF WALES, together with "all London."

Harlequinade.

The plot is simple. *Alfred de Mirandol* (M. NOBLET), of the *tout Paris* set, is engaged to the daughter of the *Marquis de Boissy-Godet*—so he tells everyone who chances to be breakfasting at BIGNON'S, where the first scene is laid—and, without anything particular happening to either of them during the next three Acts, he remains engaged to the young lady when the curtain falls. Then he has a *non fin de siècle* friend, fresh from Brittany, who proposes to a charming widow, charmingly looked and played by Madame SISCO, who accepts him, and lands him in a duel with a Spanish Duke (cleverly played by M. PAUL PLAN) about her Milliner's bill. No one is hurt, but the incident—the only incident to speak of—furnishes a scene in which the four *fin de siècle* seconds are continually forgetting the business on which they are met, and drift into baccarat. Then Madame DESCLAUZAS is a Marquise who is so busy with her various charitable institutions that she has not seen her husband for a week, and forgets all about her daughter's marriage.

To London 1890 the Marquise, though unquestionably inimitable, seems slightly loud. English Marchionesses do not as a rule wink. But *Paris Fin de Siècle* is altogether beyond London 1890. English people do not know enough of the formalities attending the arrangement of duels to fully appreciate M. NOBLET'S forgetfulness of his duties; nor do English ladies, as yet, give Harlequin Balls, at which the gentlemen wear red evening coats,—it was not a hunt-ball of course; nor does London 1890 see any particular point in the *monde* being shown as frivolous and dissipated, while the *demi-monde* will not permit smoking in the drawing-room, and generally plays propriety. So *Paris Fin de Siècle* may be true to nature, for all English people know about it. Whether it is or is not, it is just as amusing, and well worth seeing.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

JAMES THE FIRST, of America, not to be confounded even by his enemies with the Old or Young Pretender, is bringing out his book entitled, *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, which line represents only a third of the entire title. The celebrated Butterfly signature flitters and flutters from leaf to leaf throughout the book, which in itself, in its binding, print, and arrangement, is a work of Art of which the publishers, Messrs. HEINEMANN, may be justly proud, and which must rejoice the soul of JAMES PRIMUS AMERICANUS, Ex-President, R.S.B.A. The BARON has great pleasure in drawing attention—(he is gifted is the BARON, "drawing" as well as writing, you'll observe)—to a rare specimen of the *Papilio Whistleriensis* which adorns this paragraph, and hopes, on another occasion, to have a few remarks to offer on the many genuine Jacobean epistles contained in this dainty volume which is issued, as the short preface informs us, under the EX-P.R.B.A.'s "immediate care and supervision," and as a counterblast from LE SIFFLEUR against "a spurious and garbled version" of his writings already put into circulation. It was about time for JACQUES LE SIFFLEUR to come out for a blow; which blow it is more blessed to give than to receive, *dicit* the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—*Les Huguenots.* Madame NORDICA as our *Valentine*. She is *toujours riante*. Otherwise, vocally, charming. RAVELLI the Reliable as *Raoul*, much applauded and quite two inches higher in popular estimation. *Valentina* NORDICA cannot take anything seriously. She smiles as she is wont to smile at the supreme moment of his great athletic window-jump, when he is shot out of window and killed so thoroughly that he cannot be produced for the last Act of all, which, therefore, is now never given. Simple-minded folk, not up to this, wait in their stalls, and wonder why everybody else is going. Members of orchestra disappear, lights extinguished, brown-holland coverings descend, the fireman enters, the box-keepers retire, and suddenly it bursts upon the inexperienced Opera-goer that it's all over, except shouting for carriages, and that's over too by now, and that there is to be no more Opera to-night.

L'entr'acte est long,
Un peu d'espoir,
There's no more song,
Et puis bon soir.

M. LASSALLE as the French nobleman, whom some one described as "*Sam Bris*," excellent. Good house for the *Huguenots*.

Tuesday.—Here we are *Lohengrinning* again. *Lohengrin* not a comic opera: the name being rather misleading. Melodious, mellifluous Mlle. MELBA as *Elsa de Brabante*. NED DE RESZKÉ as the *Great King*, FURSCH-MADI-GRAS unrivalled as *Ortruda*, DAN DRADY as *Freddy*, one of his most dramatic performances; Signor ABRAMOFF as the *Family Herald*—quite a volume—and JACK DE RESZKÉ as a *Knight on the Swannee River*, or perhaps a knightly visitor from Swansea. Poor JACK suffering from hoarseness. DRURIOLANUS comes forward to explain this. Audience imagines that DRURIOLANUS himself is going to take poor JACK'S place. Rather disappointed in consequence. "Could have done it, of course," says DRURIOLANUS afterwards, "but bad example for other members of the governing committee." JACK DE R.'s hoarseness scarcely noticeable. No one would have known it if DRURIOLANUS hadn't told us. Some people can't keep a secret.

Wednesday.—*Vide* last Wednesday's report. Only difference being that Signor PLUNKETTO GREENO is not *in statu quo ante*, the part of the *Commendatore*, *M.P. for Stony Stratford*, being taken by Signor DE VASCHETTI.

Thursday.—Missed it. *Romeo et Juliette*. Believe it was performed, not having heard anything to contrary. Reported that Mr. and Mrs. G. were present. Remember he was there last season, when same Opera was played. Came up then, I think, from Dollis Hill. "All roads lead to Romeo," the G.O.M. is reported to have said to FLORAL HALL, the Covent Gardenia Box Office Manager and enthusiastic devotee of the G.O.M., or "Grand Opera Man."

Friday.—*La Favorite* in French. Evidently neither particular nor universal Favourite, as so many *habitués*, conspicuous when here by their noble presence, are now still more conspicuous by their noble absence. Mlle. RICHARD, her first visit to Royal Franco-Italian Opera at Covent Garden, is the Favourite to-night, and the Favourite wins. Opportunity for Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, who has one of the prettiest airs in the Opera to start with, but then "is heard no more," having only to exhibit, in sympathetic dramatic action, her deep distress at the sufferings of the unhappy Favourite, the victim of *Alfonse*, King of Castille. *King Alfonse* gives a garden-party, with "gipsy revellers" of the period, led by small and early PALLADINO. Refreshments are probably served in an adjoining apartment, but *King Alfonse*, being, perhaps, a trifle dry, occupies his time in the chair of state by trifling with a lozenge. Great difficulty among audience as to whether *Fernand* is MONTARIOL or YBOS. Having seen MONTARIOL as *David* in the *Meistersingers*, I do not recognise him as *Fernand*; but having seen YBOS as *Raoul*, in the *Huguenots*, *Fernand's* legs seem familiar to me. If the voice is the voice of MONTARIOL, the legs are the legs of YBOS. DRURIOLANUS INNOSS says it is *not* YBOS but MONTARIOL; while a distinguished Operatic Committeeman tells a despairing critic that it *is* YBOS, and not MONTARIOL. Anyhow, Mons. YBOS-AUX-JAMBES-MONTARIOLIENNES is a good, though not great, *Fernand*. The chorus whether as Monks of one of the great Theatrical Orders, not-admitted-after-seven, or as members of the Castilian Aristocracy, are admirable. Signor GASPAR—a name that suggests a singer rather out of condition, and, like *Hamlet*, "scant of breath" (he should be appropriately attired in "pants")—keeps his eye on Signor BEVIGNANI, and Signor BEVIGNANI pulls him through. *Mem.* What an education in modern languages it must require to be a chorister of the R. I. O. C. G.! Italian, French, English, of course; and perhaps one night they'll come out with something of WAGNER'S in the original German. Everybody looking forward to the revival of *Le Prophète* on Monday next.

Saturday.—*Non adeum*, because 'ad sum-where else to go. Covent Garden, however, not closed in consequence. Hear that JEAN is to get £600 per week in America. Good interest this for one tenner.

AS WORN.

"DEAR UNCLE BEN,—YOU 'RE ALWAYS SO KIND!—*WOULD YOU SIT ON MY BONNET A LITTLE. I 'VE TAKEN OUT THE PINS.*"

ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.

SIGNOR SMITHINI *loquitur*:—

Houp-là! Oh, it's all very fine
That there whip to keep twirling and
But with such a trio as mine [cracking,
There's no very great fun in "hare-back-
Two of them, I'm sure, were enough [ing."
To keep—in *this* Circus—in tether.
A third you must thrust in!—what stuff!
How *am* I to keep 'em together?
"Land Purchase" I had well in hand,
And "Tithes" made a pretty fair second;
But t'other? I can't understand
How JOKIM could so have miscreckoned.
Of all awkward 'uses to hold
The worst is his pet, "Compensation,"
And if in the tan I ain't rolled,
'Twill be thanks to my fine equitation!
Must get him along? Oh, of course!
It will not do to fail, now we've started.
But how? I'm a chap of resource,
And I fancy I'm not chicken-hearted,
Yet some lookers-on shouts out "Go!"
Whilst others ejaculate "Drop him!"
And, SOLLY, I'm hanged if I know
How safely to drive him *or* stop him.
I may get him round,—'twill take time,—
To drop him would now raise derision;
I'm tired, and not quite in my prime,
And of failure have somehow a vision.
Of course, I will still do my best;
I am always devoted to "Duty,"
But oh! I should so like a rest.
Houp-là then! Oh, come up, you beauty!!

IMPORTANT.—The Two Pins Club are going to have a race. Of course it will be "from point to point."

LE 'OCKEY STICK-BALLE FIGHT.

Contributed by Our Own "Sportings-Life" Man.

MON CHER MONSIEUR PUNCH,

I KNOW what interest profound and gracious you have always manifested towards the glorious efforts of the heroic youth of our regenerated athletic France, for have I not read your notices amiable and scientific of *les* "doings" of our *onze* at the *jeu de Criequette*, and still later of the murderous combat of the veritable "struggle-for-lifers" in *le scrimmage* of your terrible contest of "Kicke-balle"? But now the valiant youth of our public seminaries have advanced still one more step, and the afternoon of last Tuesday saw, in the leafy arcades of our Bois, a true "stick-balle" fight—in one word, a *parti* of "Le 'Ockey," played with *vrais bâtons*, clubs long and terrible, with cruel hooked finish, to the eye of the beholder, and the dangerous white ball, hard as iron, heavy as lead, between a 'ome team and a "side" of strangers, that would have done credit to an "Oxfor-Cambridge" battle or a fight royal, in which *Les Roverres de Peckham* were themselves engaged.

The costume of the '*ome team*, of which I was the General, consisting, as it did, of "knickerbockerres" of pink velvet, jerseys of green and yellow satin in stripes, padded in front and behind, as a protection from *les coups de les "stickes,"* with large feather pillows, and 'igh jack-boots, worn with the same motive, completed, together with a massive iron and wire mask, surmounted with a funereal plume, used to safeguard the head and neck, a costume at once striking and useful. The strangers were, perhaps, not quite so happily arranged, their legs being encased in chain-armour, and their bodies protected by large wicker clothes-washing-baskets; but, though this precautionary costume hampered in some respect the play of their arms, and impeded their swiftness in making "le rush," still, the hardest blow of the death-dealing "stickes" fell on them without pain, and they could meet the approach of the terrible iron-lead ball without the apprehensive tremblings of terror.

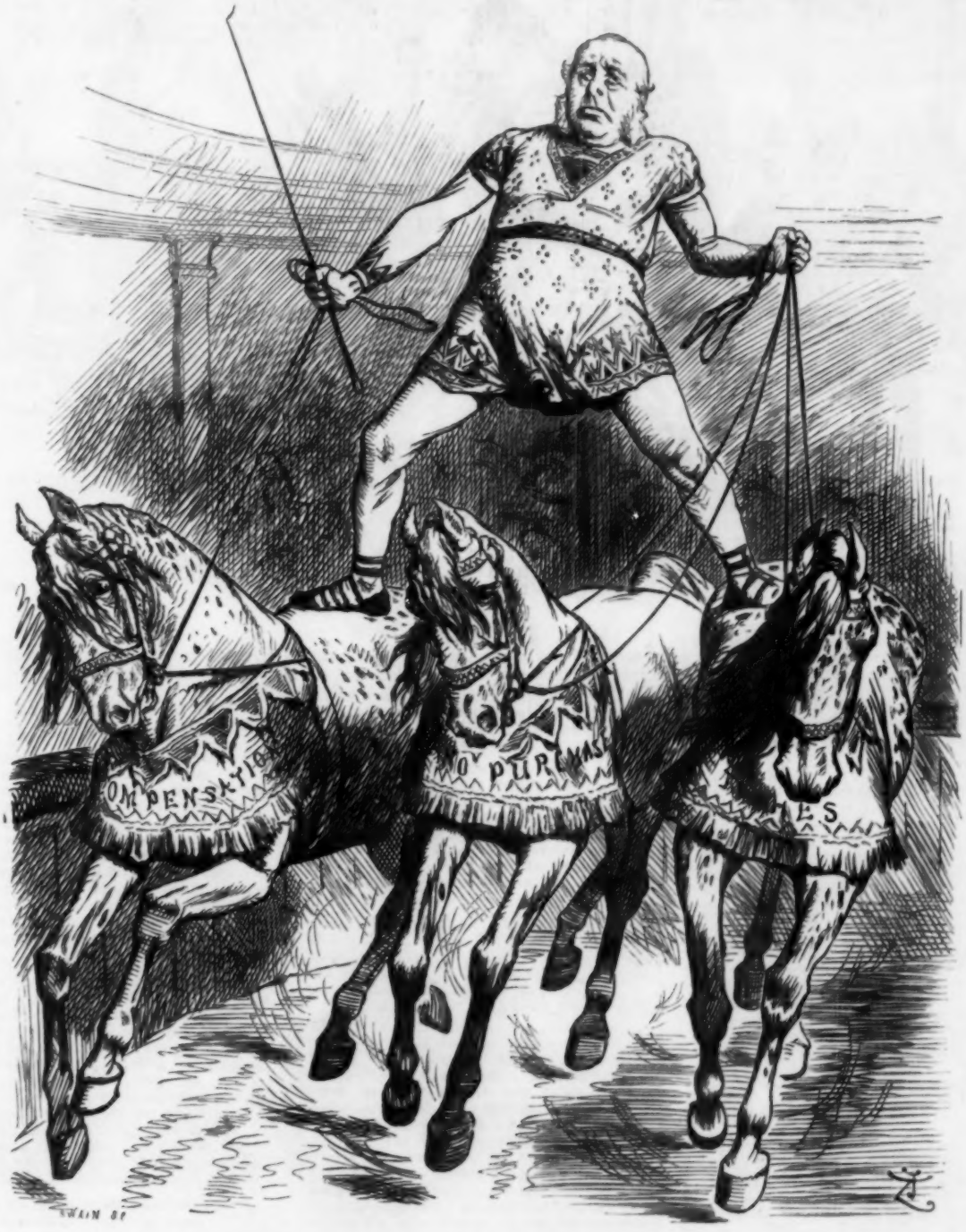
The contest, though fierce, was not of long duration, for, after the ninth goal, the iron-lead ball was driven with such furious *élan* by the victorious side that it dashed into the middle of the spectators, and was swallowed, in the excitement, by the startled horse of an omnibus. Thereupon the Umpire, being appealed to, decided the contest terminated with victory, by three goals to nothing, to the 'ome team, and amidst the prolonged "hurrahs" of the assembled thousands, who represented all the *élite* of the veritable 'igh and Sporting life of the best Parisian Society, the first day's *stick-balle* fight that has now introduced "Le 'Ockey" into the arena of our rising National Athletics, came to a brilliant and inspiriting end. I beg you, *Mon cher Monsieur Punch*, be assured of my highest considerations, as I subscribe myself your very humble *serviteur*,

THE FIRST CHAMPION OF LES SPORTS.

DEFINITIONS.

Mater.—One who finds *mates* for her daughters.
Check Mate.—A husband with money.

MRS. R. says:—"My nephew, who has just returned from a long voyage, tells me that in the Red Sea it is so hot that the gentlemen sleep on deck in their bananas."



ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM.

SIGNOR W. H. SMITHINI (*sotto voce*). "WISH I COULD HAVE KEPT 'EM ALL THREE ABREAST, JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING!"

HINTS FOR THE PARK.

Don't try to turn your Tandem at the Trot, particularly if your Leader is of a somewhat wilful disposition.

AFTER "THE MAY."

A Cambridge Song of June.

Out and alas! The "May" is o'er;
The polish of the ball-room floor
Is streaked and marred by heedless feet,
The pretty convoys in the street
Stir no more envy, nor make proud
The escort of the dainty crowd.
No more the archway dark and grim,
No more the tortuous staircase dim
Wake to a glow of living light,
When Jones's sisters, like a flight
Of tuneful birds in plumage gay
Come into College, in the May.

The little girl in grey is gone,
Who like a silvery marsh-flower shone
What time the long and strenuous train
Of eights round Grassy pulled amain.
Gone is the musical low voice
That made the general heart rejoice,
Mazing prim scholars with her wit,
Or chattering simply, not a bit
Above the sporting schoolboy's range.
At that grave dinner, for a change,
With just as flattering a charm,
She took the formal Tutor's arm,
With sparkling eyes, that scattered light
On the dark Don's self-centred night.

Bare are the windows, flowering then,
The cynosure of lingering men,
Whence over the darkling court would float
The chorus of the College boat;
Not shouted with the tuneless zeal
Which tells how Undergraduates feel;
But by such sweet girl-voices given
As might the strictest "gates" have riven,
Drawn iron tears down Tutors' cheek,
And made Deans grant what loafers seek.

And listening oarsmen softly swore
To pull as men ne'er pulled before,
And, let the next boat do its worst,
To make to-morrow's bump, or burst.

Out, and alas! May follows May,
And other little girls in grey,
With hair as bright and eyes as blue,
Will hold the torch, pass'd on by you,
And none the bygone years recall;
For even this May's College pride
Will be as dead as flowers that died
At some forgotten festival.

Rather Shifty.—"The Members of the Metropolitan Police Force," the Memorial stated, as quoted in the *Times* of June 13, urged the Government to concede, among other demands, this, which sounds peculiar:—

"Duty to consist of eight hours (in one shift) out of every twenty-four."

The words in brackets are a puzzle. Is "shift" a misprint for "shirt"? Is a Policeman now compelled to wear more than one of these in every twenty-four hours? Is it flannel or linen? We confess that we do not understand this, which we may fairly designate as "The Washerwoman's Clause."

Peregrinus Jocosus writes thus:—"Sir,—I was visiting Tintern Abbey. Admission is by a gateway, close to which is an instruction to ring the bell. How much simpler and pleasanter if the proprietor had written up, 'Tinternabbeylate!'—Yours, much pleased, P. J."

On Army Exams.—As long as Examinations are what they are, cramming is a necessity. Therefore, *Mr. Punch* has only one retort to present objections to cramming, and that is—"Stuff!"

RECKING THE REDE LECTURE.

"His paramount aim was to make the world better by the humanising influences of literature."
—*Professor Jebb on Erasmus.*

Friend of Colet and of More,
Genial wit and learned scholar,
Never pedant, prig, or bore,
Dulness and the Mighty Dollar
Rule too much our world of books;
Slang, sensation, crass stupidity;
Talk of "oof" and prate of "spooks,"
Sciolism, sheer aridity;
Smartness, which is folly decked
In true humour's cast-off raiment,
Clap-trap which has never recked
Aught save chance of praise and payment;
These our literature infest,
No Erasmus now arising,
Style to purge and taste to test
In the way of "humanising."
Could you but come back to us,
How you'd flay sensation-mongers,
Gird at gush, and flout at fuss,
Chasten morbid thirsts and hungers:
Puncture philosophic sham,
"Blugginess," the coarse erotic;
Show up callow Cockney "cram,"
Logic shallow, thought chaotic;
Lash our later Euphuism,
And the pseudo-Ciceronian;
Rottenness of "Realism,"
Battening in its bogs Serbonian.
Thanks, O philosophic Jebb!
In this age of advertising,
Literature, at a low ebb,
Needs a little "humanising."

"On, Stanley!"—The officer whom the explorer did not take with him was his left Tennant.

"'SHADOWING' MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT."

THE MODERN CORNELIA.

[CORNELIA, daughter of SCIPIO AFRICANUS, and wife of SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS, when a lady displayed her jewels to her, pointed to her two sons, exclaiming, "These are *my* jewels!"]

"THESE ARE *MY* JEWELS."

TIMOUR-MAMMON's triumph 's full
In this grace-abandoned creature.
Look at her! A tawdry trull,
Blear of eye and blurred of feature
From the cult of her god—Drink!
HEROD's cruel self might shrink
From a—Mother, calculating
On her children's loss, awaiting
With impatience their last breath,
And the devilish gains of Death.

Such as she, her cronies cry,
Are "In luck when children die!"
Luck! The luck of willing loss.
Children dead bring in the dross.
Little SARAH 's pale and sickly;
Death is near, but comes not quickly,
Art may hasten his slow tread.

Blows, exposure, hunger, pain,
Are auxiliaries of gain,
Gain that comes "when SARAH 's dead,"
When to death her "friends" have done her.
"We have got four pounds upon her,"
Babbles little SARAH 's brother,
Echoing the modern Mother.
WEMYSS the wise advises "thrift,"
As the only thing to lift
Labour from the Sweater's slough.
Laws, he swears, are wholly vain;
Thought may scheme, and Love may strain
Fruitlessly to raise the brow
Of the poor above the slime
Of starvation, suffering, crime.
Thrift 's the thing! Well, here is thrift!
Children,—they are fortune's gift.

Motherhood to rear them strives?
Not so; it *insures their lives!*
Burial Insurance comes
As a boon unto the slums.
The insurance love may fix
At five pounds, or even six;
A child's funeral costs a pound,
And the balance means—drinks round!

Here 's the luck of loss, a luck
Care may hasten. Blows are struck,
Raiment stinted, food denied,
Hunger and exposure tried;
Infants overlain—by chance!
Is it not a Moloch dance?
Modern Motherhood, *plus* Drink,
Beats old MOAB, will not shrink
From child-sacrifice to win,

Not a false god's smile, but Gin!
Children are possessions, truly,
To be sold, and paid for, duly,
Pledged like other property,
Bringing interest—when they die.

Modern CORNELIA! That is she,
With a semi-drunken glee
Aping, all unconsciously,
The proud Roman mother's vaunt.
"See *my* jewels! What I want—
Dress, and drink, and selfish ease,
I can win at will—through these."

What was it little BOBBY said?
"We'll get four pounds when SARAH 's dead!"

Golden-tongued PETERBOROUGH, flay
The harpies with your burning breath;
And you, brave WAUGH, assist to stay
This plague of fiends who thrive on death. [crime
Cut short the course of callous
Of this CORNELIA of our time!

VOCES POPULI.

AT THE HORSE SHOW.

TIME—*About* 3·30. *Leaping Competition about to begin. The Competitors are ranged in a line at the upper end of the Hall, while the attendants place the hedges in position. Amongst the Spectators in the Area are—a Saturnine Stableman from the country; a Cockney Groom; a Morbid Man; a Man who is apparently under the impression that he is the only person gifted with sight; a Critic who is extremely severe upon other people's seats; a Judge of Horseflesh; and Two Women who can't see as well as they could wish.*

The Descriptive Man. They 've got both the fences up now, d' ye see? There 's the judges going to start the jumping; each rider 's got a ticket with his number on his back. See? The first man's horse don't seem to care about jumping this afternoon — see how he 's dancing about. Now he 's going at it—there, he 's cleared it! Now he 'll have to jump the next one!

[*Keeps up a running fire of these instructive and valuable observations throughout the proceedings.*

The Judge of Horseflesh. Rare good shoulders that one has.

The Severe Critic (*taking the remark to apply to the horse's rider*). H'm, yes—rather—pity he sticks his elbows out quite so much, though.

[*His Friend regards him in silent astonishment.*

Another Competitor clears a fence, but exhibits a considerable amount of daylight.

The Saturnine Stableman (*encouragingly*). You 'll 'ev to set back a bit next journey, Guv'nor!

The Cockney Groom. 'Orses 'ud jump better if the fences was a bit 'igher.

The S. S. They 'll be plenty 'oigh enough fur some on 'em.

The Severe Critic. Ugly seat that fellow has—all anyhow when the horse jumps.

Judge of Horseflesh. Has he? I didn't notice—I was looking at the horse. [Severe Critic *feels snubbed.*

The S. S. (*soothingly, as the Competitor with the loose seat comes round again*). *That* 's not good, Guv'nor!

The Cockney Groom. 'Ere 's a little bit o' fashion coming down next—why, there 's quite a boy on his back.

The S. S. 'E won't be on 'im long if he don't look out. Cup an' ball *I* call it!

The Morbid Man. I suppose there 's always a accident o' some sort before they 've finished.

First Woman. Oh, don't, for goodness sake, talk like that—I 'm sure *I* don't want to see nothing 'appen.

Second Woman. Well, you may make your mind easy—for you won't see nothing here; you *would* have it this was the best place to come to!

First Woman. I only said there was no sense in paying extra for the balcony, when you can go in the area for nothing.

Second Woman (*snorting*). Area, indeed! It might be a good deal airier than what it is, I 'm sure—I shall melt if I stay here much longer.

The Morbid Man. There 's one thing about being so close to the jump as this—if the 'orse jumps sideways—as 'osses will do every now and then—he 'll be right in among us before we know where we are, and then there 'll be a pretty how-de-do!

Second Woman (*to her Friend*). Oh, come away, do—it 's bad enough to see nothing, let alone having a great 'orse coming down atop of us, and me coming out in my best bonnet, too—come away!

[*They leave.*

The Descriptive Man. Now they 're going to make 'em do some in-and-out jumping, see? they 're putting the fences close together—that 'll puzzle some of them—ah, he 's over both of 'em; very clean that one jumps! Over again! He 's got to do it all twice, you see.

The Judge of Horseflesh. Temperate horse, that chestnut.

The Severe Critic. Is he, though?—but I suppose they *have* to be here, eh? Not allowed champagne or whiskey or anything before they go in—like they are on a racecourse?

The J. of H. No, they insist on every horse taking the pledge before they 'll enter him.

The Descriptive Man. Each of 'em 's had a turn at the in-and-out jump now. What 's coming next? Oh, the five-barred gate—they 're going over that now, and the stone wall—see them putting the bricks on top? That 's to *raise* it.

The Morbid Man. None of 'em been off yet; but (*hopefully*) there 'll be a nasty fall or two over this business—there 's been many a neck broke over a lower gate than that.

A Competitor clears the gate easily, holding the reins casually in his right hand.

The J. of H. That man can ride.

The Severe Critic. Pretty well—not what I call *business*, though—going over a gate with one hand, like that.

The J. of H. Didn't know you were such an authority.

The S. C. (*modestly*). Oh, I can tell when a fellow has a good seat. I used to ride a good deal at one time. Don't get the chance much now—worse luck!

The J. of H. Well, I can give you a chance, as it happens. (Severe Critic *accepts with enthusiasm, and the inward reflection that the chance is much less likely to come off than he is himself.*) You wait till the show is over, and they let the horses in for exercise. I know a man who 's got a cob here—regular little devil to go—bucks a bit at times—but you won't mind that. I 'll take you round to the stall, and get my friend to let you try him on the tan. How will that do you, eh?

The Severe Critic (*almost speechless with gratitude*). Oh—er—it would *do* me right enough—capital! That is—it *would*, if I hadn't an appointment, and had my riding things on, and wasn't feeling rather out of sorts, and hadn't promised to go home and take my wife in the Park, and it 's her birthday, too, and, then, I 've long made it a rule never to mount a strange horse, and—er—so you understand how it is, don't you?

The J. of H. Quite, my dear fellow. (*As, for that matter, he has done from the first.*)

The Cockney Groom (*alluding to a man who is riding at the gate*). 'Ere 's a rough 'un this bloke 's on! (*Horse rises at gate; his rider shouts, "Hoo, over!" and the gate falls amidst general derision.*) Over? Ah, I should just think it *was* over!

The Saturnine Stableman (*as horseman passes*). Yer needn't ha' "Hoo" 'd for that much!

[*The Small Boy, precariously perched on an immense animal, follows; his horse, becoming unmanageable, declines the gate, and leaps the hurdle at the side.*

The S. S. Ah, you 're a *artful* lad, you are—thought you 'd take it where it was easiest, eh?—you 'll 'ev to goo back and try agen, you will.

Chorus of Sympathetic Bystanders. Take him at it again, boy; *you* 're all right! . . . Hold him in tighter, my lad. . . . Let out your reins a bit! Lor, they didn't ought to let a boy like that ride. . . . He ain't no more 'old on that big 'orse than if he was a fly on him! . . . Keep his 'ed straighter next time. . . . Enough to try a boy's nerve! &c., &c.

[*The Boy takes the horse back, and eventually clears the gate amidst immense and well-deserved applause.*

The Morbid Man (*disappointed*). Well, I fully expected to see '*im* took off on a shutter.

The Descriptive Man. It 's the water-jump next—see; that 's it in the middle; there 's the water, underneath the hedge; they 'll have to clear the 'ole of that—or else fall in and get a wetting. They 've taken all the horses round to the other entrance—they 'll come in from that side directly.

[*One of the Judges holds up his stick as a signal; wild shouts of "Hoy-hoy! Whorr-oosh!" from within, as a Competitor dashes out and clears hedge and ditch by a foot or two. Deafening applause. A second horseman rides at it, and lands—if the word is allowable—neatly in the water. Roars of laughter as he scrambles out.*

The Morbid Man. Call that a brook! It ain't a couple of inches deep—it 's more mud than water! No fear (*he means, "no hope"*) of any on 'em getting a ducking over that!

[*And so it turns out; the horses take the jump with more or less success, but without a single saddle being vacated. The Judges award a red and blue rosette to the riders of the best and second horses respectively, and the proceedings terminate for the afternoon amidst demonstrations of hearty satisfaction from all but* The Morbid Man, *who had expected there would have been "more to see."*

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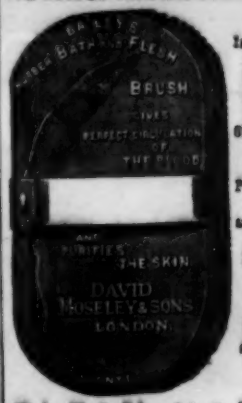

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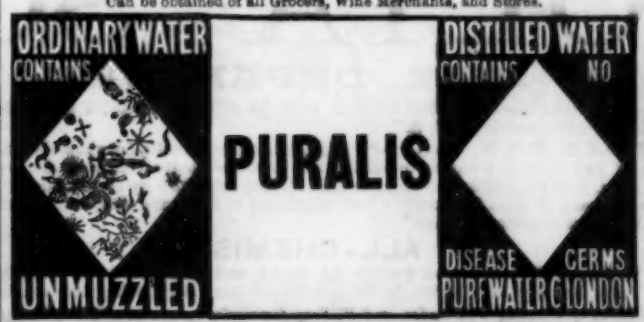

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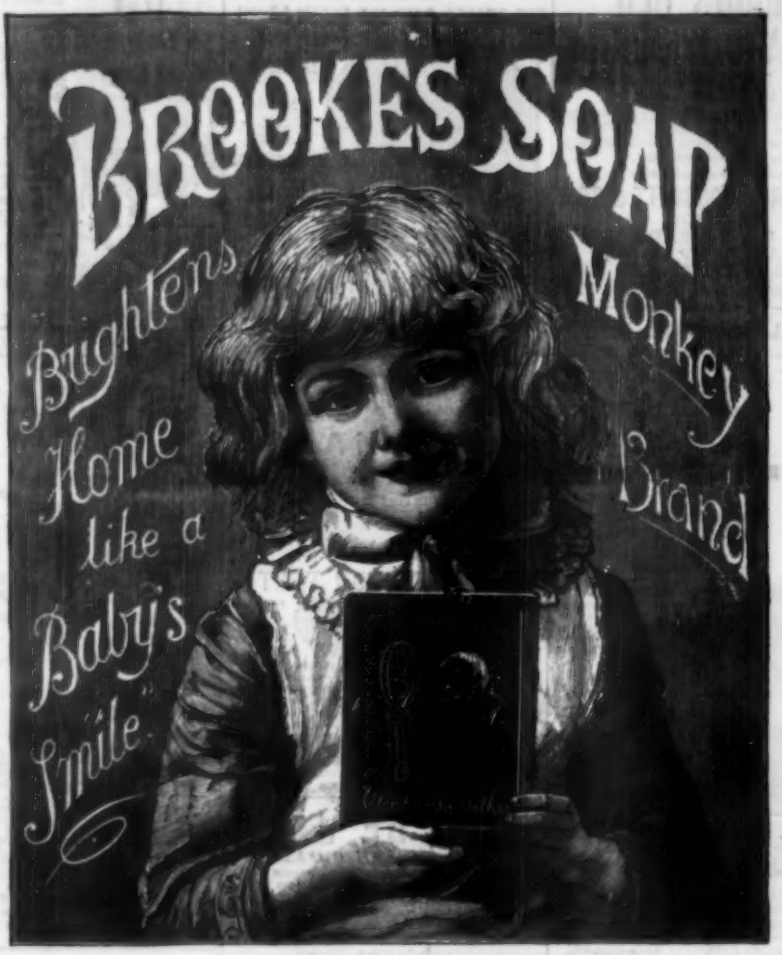

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